THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXIII.

And now to raise an altar, he decrees,
To that devouring harpy, call'd Disease:
There flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener sassafras are added too.
Dread feats then follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet;
The piercing caustics try their spiteful power,
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour;
The deadly drugs in double doses fly,
And pestles peal a martial symphony.
GARTH's *Dispensary.*

A LOUNGER, though he never studies hard, yet is generally remarkable for reading much. From the restlessness and volatility of his temper, he is incapable of poring long over one book, but it is his delight to twirl over the leaves of many. His indolence is not strictly stagnation. He even runs fast, sometimes, to maintain the spirit of his laziness, and takes pains to be a busy idler. When I am in the humour of turning my leisure to account, and strive to do something, in the midst of vacancy, I often course through a score or two of magazines, reviews, or newspapers, with the same rapidity and eagerness, as a beagle scampers after a hare. Of this last species of literary and political composition, I have long been an habitual admirer. I always take my daily coffee and daily chronicle together. Sometimes, during a whole forenoon, my mind roves through a wilderness of gazettes, and, to the no small astonishment of my chambermaid, I scatter these sybilline leaves with the wildest prodigality round my room, and almost bury myself under a mass of daily or weekly politics. As I repose on the sofa, after dinner, I bolster up my head with papers as well as pillows, and when I sink under the sway of sleep, I always have the Aurora in my hand.

Nor is this all. I not only find time to read the news, but the advertisements. Most men satisfy themselves with the contents of the last mail, or with a survey of the speculations of some Sydney or Lycurgus, who, frugal of his wisdom, gives out the daily or weekly dole, in small parcels, and imparts instruction piecemeal. But my literary hunger is not thus appeased. After banquetting myself on a battle, and relishing an essay by way of dessert, I take an advertisement as I would an anchovy. In this humour, I lately endeavoured to swallow the following, which I have faithfully copied from a Boston paper.

"THE ALGERINE ELIXIR,

OR WHAT IS COMMONLY CALLED

ALGERINE BITTERS.

Which is a certain preventative against yellow, or any other fever.—May be purchased of Jacob Gideon, Court-street, opposite Mr. Johnson's crockery ware store.

This Bitter has the power of taking the *Boil* off the stomach, and is also a gentle physic and pleasant to the palate. The composition of this Elixir is of the first medicine in being, and the person who prepares it is not fearful of being examined by any physician, in the United States, as it respects the medicine. A friend of the present vender procured a receipt for preparing this valuable medicine of a doctor in Algiers, whom he had the good fortune to serve as a slave for five years, and who has since disclosed the composition to the vender, under an obligation of secrecy.

The purchaser will receive directions for using the medicine, which may be had by applying as above, with proper allowance to those, who purchase to sell again.

ALSO MAY BE HAD AS ABOVE,

The new improved patent japanned liquid Blacking, made of neet's feet, with a consistency of oil, which cannot prove injurious to the grain of leather, and thereby far exceeds the *termed* Morocco blacking.

JACOB GIDEON, COURT-STREET,

Teaches the art of blowing the trumpet and bugle horn, for which he is not exceeded by any in America."

This original document I have transcribed with the fidelity of an historian. Mr. Gideon, whose subject is noble, and whose style is sonorous and grand, appears fully competent to trumpet forth the praise of his panacea and of himself. He has exalted his glass of bitters, and his bugle horn, as high as they can be prudently carried. Yet I cannot refrain from dwelling, with a sort of rapture, not only on the virtues of this incomparable elixir, but on the exquisite phrases, and diversified erudition of its ingenious vender.

He begins his work very finely and perspicuously, with a beautiful example of amplification. Not satisfied with the pompous and imposing name of Algerine Elixir, he adds, with a generous concern for the meanest capacities, that this is no more than what is commonly called Algerine *Bitters*. There is as much policy, as perspicuity in this happy explanation, because many thirsty citizens, who love to swallow nostrums, would be at a loss, whether the term Elixir was Latin for brandy or rum, and, therefore, might be careless of this medicine, as not thinking it strong enough. But the moment they hear the magical title of "Bitters," every doubt is dispelled, as by a charm. The menstruum is then perceived by the bluntest understanding; and every one who loves his morning draught, whether it be the fiery *julep* of the Georgian, the *mint sling* of the Marylander, or the brandy grog of the mountain yankee, knows that, let men of science use hard words as they please, and let Elixirs and Algerines do their worst, this invaluable medicine must be infused in *good spirits*, and, therefore, will generously impart them, to those who are solicitous to add to the stock of pleasurable sensation. Bitters, whether compounded by a doctor in the republic of Algiers, or the republic of America, are always an apology for a dram, and Mr. Gideon knows it.

Our vender now hazards a bold assertion, upon which few would venture, except those intrepid mortals, who have undauntedly learned a lesson of audacity at Algiers. This Elixir, he assures us, upon the faith of an Algerine, is a certain preventative against yellow, or any other fever. This is a shining example of what Horace calls the "quidlibet audendi," or, to speak more intelligibly, it is one of those enormous assertions, which startle timid hearers, and compel them to exclaim "*twang*," as though they had been marking a shot from a Norman bow, or had just risen from Gulliver's travels, or the adventures of Baron Munchausen. Mr. Gideon does not content himself with extinguishing the flames of yellow fever with this cordial drop from Algiers. No: that is but a puny and partial deed. All the varieties, and all the shades of fever, must be subjected to his controul. So that, hereafter, if this scorching Disease should appear in green or blue, in purple or red, in black or brown, in glowing coquelicot, or in glaring orange, let us drink of the bitters of Algiers, and "*defy the foul fiend.*"

This medicine possesses another miraculous power; that of taking the *boil* off the stomach. If Mr. Gideon had restricted the art of Algiers to the expulsion of the *bile*, how many bilious politicians and bilious patients would have blessed his intercourse with the Barbary powers! But when he undertakes to allay the effervescence of a *boiling* stomach, he is still farther entitled to the gratitude of the valetudinarian. I cannot help exulting, when I anticipate the halcyon days of smiling peace and bland good humour, which will ensue in our tranquil land, when this Algerine allayer shall have exerted its complacent power. Not a stomach, either drunk or sober, shall boil over any more, but placidly repose, undisturbed by rage or repletion, by potations or politics.

Mr. Gideon, with an oriental luxuriance of fancy, proceeds, in his invaluable history of the properties of this drug from the piratical states, to inform his patients, that it is a gentle physic, and pleasant to the palate. Here, I confess, I am a little disposed to cavil. I have an ample fund of credulity, and Exaggeration may draw pretty freely, without much risque of a protest; for, as the sage Hudibras sweetly sings,

> Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
> Of *being cheated*, as to cheat.

But here my scepticism steps in, and suggests that though we often talk with rapture of the pleasantness of the *sweets* of life, no one associates agreeableness with its *bitters*. Here Mr. Gideon, like those Algerines, which lend his nostrum a name, makes rather too free with poor captivated Americans, and outrages some of our sensations. I hope he will be induced to correct this error in the next edition of this erudite advertisement; for bitters are nauseous things, whether they relish of Algiers, or aloes; and, on this

topic, I am so contumacious, that I would not believe the Dey himself, or a Bashaw of three tails.

The next paragraph is an admirable one, whether we consider the boldness of the design, or the spirit of the execution. We are told that "the composition of this Elixir is of *the first medicine in being*, and the person, who prepares it, is not fearful of being examined by any physician, in the United States, *as to the medicine*." Nothing can be more valiant and ambiguous, than this daring sentence. The first medicine in being probably refers to antediluvian times, when, shortly after the creation, some sick patriarch had occasion for an apothecary. But this is only a slight conjecture; for we cannot see distinctly enough through the mist and obscurity of past time, to discern what the first medicine in being was. However, the darkness and confusion, in the beginning of this sentence, is gloriously contrasted by the gallantry of the close. Mr. Gideon, glowing with courage and confidence, disdains the terrors of an examination, and braves all the investigation of the medical tribe. He is not fearful of being examined by any physician, as *it respects the medicine*. In the midst of this vaunt, we perceive the intrepidity of a hero, and at the very foot of this challenge, we see the modesty of a maiden. He submits himself, nobly and gratuitously, to an inquisition more formidable than the Spanish; he invites the austere scrutiny of jealous rivals; but then, with a qualifying circumstance, which Diffidence, with a cheek of blushes, and a heart of throbbings, might have herself suggested, he is not fearful of being cathechised.....as it respects the medicine. He confines his examiners strictly within the territories of Algiers, and will not allow them a drop of any thing, but the composition of his bitters. He wisely avoids all questions, touching his medical education, talents, or experience, his skill in the occult sciences, or the arts of Grammar and Composition; his vast depth in "liquid blacking," or "a consistency of oil," or his organic power of sounding the Horn and Trumpet. He holds out his Algerine specific with one hand, and invites all men to taste and try; but, with the other, he modestly draws a mantle over the rest of his secrets, and suffers no prying physician to take even a peep.

Mr. Gideon, not without some regard to chronological order, now goes on to inform the world by what means he became acquainted with these wonderful bitters. It seems that a friend of the present vender procured a receipt for preparing this invaluable medicine of a doctor in Algiers, whom he had the *good fortune* to serve as a slave for five years, and who has since disclosed the composition to the vender, under an obligation of secrecy. This narrative must be perused with uncommon interest by all the lovers of romance. It has many features of the marvellous. It certainly was a glorious privilege for this friend of Mr. Gideon to be initiated in all the secrets of an Algerine Esculapius, and to be in slavery under him for five years was comparatively *good fortune*. It suggests a pleasing image of the superior degree of freedom, enjoyed in that republic, when compared with our prolixer apprenticeship of seven years. The sale and celebrity of Mr. Gideon's Elixir will, in all probability, stimulate that passion for pence, which is so divinely characteristical of the American speculator, and our junior misers will embark in shoals for Algiers, with sanguine hopes, that, like the friend of Mr. Gideon, they may have the good fortune to procure lucrative receipts from Barbary, and profitably pass five years abroad, as they have passed many at home, in a state of golden servitude.

Aristotle has insisted that every legitimate work, which can be measured to an inch, by the two foot rule of criticism, should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and I remember that the learned Harris, the philosopher of Malmesbury, has, with much parade of ingenuity and erudition, declared that this formality of method can be observed in a song, an epigram, or in any composition, however slight or brief. But our medical advertiser, probably stimulated by his own bitters, disdaining the canons of criticism, he jumbles Elixir and Black-ball in a sort of olla of confusion, and then suddenly starts from his physical and shoe black duties, to amuse us with his skill on the bugle horn, and a flourish of trumpets. From a view of his "blacking," preceded by a pompous train of five epithets, he precipitates us into a "consistency of oil," and then indulges himself with a sarcastic sneer, at some anonymous rival, who, in the very teeth of a man, so well acquainted with the Barbary shore, whose friends are in habits of intimacy with Algiers, who are quite at home at Tunis, and familiar with the Tripolitans, has the insolence to talk of *Morocco* blacking.

It is now time to take our leave of Jacob Gideon; and it perhaps may seem impertinent to follow up a speculation of so much levity, with a grave air, and a tone of indignation. But it is a theme of ridicule and just reproach among discerning foreigners, it is a theme of wrath and contempt among a few, a very few of our own countrymen, that all our diffident republicans think the wit and wisdom of the old world perfectly inimitable, and quackery and absurdity, imposture and folly, the only articles worth a purchase, and the only European models, after which we should pattern. Though this abased country has not many more stages to make, in its downhill progress to the valley of Humiliation, yet, perhaps, the happy epoch is at hand, when we shall seek other medicines from Algiers, and purer morals from Botany Bay, and thus strengthen the bonds of amity between the three republics.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Mr. HUNT, the author of the ensuing articles, is one of those etherial spirits, who glitter in the van of life, and are so copiously endowed with mental stores, that, like the exquisite pulp of certain generous fruits, they burst forth before the tardy period of ordinary maturity. I have just read, with great satisfaction, in Mr. Poulson's paper, a proposal for publishing the poems of this juvenile bard, who was an author at the age of twelve, and wrote most of his poems while he was a school boy. Three editions of his works attest the partiality of the public, and the reputation of the author. He is an honour to the seminary in which he was instructed, and the liberality of London patronage towards him has been manifested by the very copious subscription of TWO THOUSAND names! It has been observed, that this early blooming genius is a blossom from *our own* garden, that his mother is a *native* of *Philadelphia*, and that the emoluments, arising from the publication, will be appropriated to his use. I am always wonderfully delighted to peruse information of this nature, so honourable to Genius and Literature; and although Fortune does not permit me to be a Mæcenas, yet I shall cheerfully cast in my mite of subscription for the American edition of the poems of this boy-bard. I warmly hope that he may obtain something, even here, and I positively know that he is liberally encouraged abroad. Let him remain in London, "the metropolis of the civilized world," and remember, with the judicious Sancho, that St. Peter is very well at Rome. Let him not, in common with the troop of young and sanguine bards, slide too fast down the slope of pleasure, but prefer watchfulness by the midnight lamp, to dalliance with the syrens. In London, his privileges are numerous and glorious. The whole intellectual world is before him. Liberality is his patron, and Art is his foster father. There he can hear sweet discourse, converse with Noblemen; and there, if no untimely blast prevent, the vigorous shoots of his juvenile genius will soon aspire to a towering height, and their fruit prove delicious to the most exquisite taste.

SONNET, WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF EVE,
BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

'Tis Eve, 'tis solemn Eve! still pensive Thought
Sits in his robe of twilight grey,
Musing o'er shadows, by his dark eyes caught,
The dimm'd and dying majesty of day!

Low murmurs tremble through the mournful trees,
Mute Philomel her leafy court has found,
And Melancholy's music, in the breeze,
Whispers a note of soothing sadness round.

And now, as Night her darker mantle draws,
The groves more slow, and deeply sullen wave,
Save, when as solemn comes a dreary pause,
'Tis stillness all, the stillness of the grave.

The grave!—Ah, yet her absence I deplore,
Whose morn, and day, and eve are now no more.

Ode to THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. author of the Pleasures of Hope, by Mr. HUNT.

O born of her, beneath whose coloured wings,
Sad Collins pour'd his wild notes to the gale,
While Pity's dirge wept o'er the sighing strings,
And every passion told its thrilling tale.
How sweet thy lyre, with fairy sound,
The key of harmony can ope,
The rose-bud portals, that surround
The ever blooming bower of Hope.

Oh skill'd to shed her silent dew
On drooping Sorrow's wither'd flower;
Or when dark Winter's sullen form
Sets frowning in his 'tent of storm,
To smooth his fronts cold wrinkles blue,
And throw a sunshine on his darkling hour.
Still, for how many a tearful eye,
Looks fearful to a future sky,
Where Fate's veil'd woofs in darkness grow,
Wrapt round with all the storms of woe;
Still bid it fix its calmer sight
On yon celestial fields of day,
Where Hope, with steady finger gay,
Points to her visions of delight;
Of Friendship joining hands with truth,
And Love, that blooms eternal youth,
And Virtue, graving on the sky
The lesson that she learnt on high;
And blue ey'd Peace with harp divine,
As mild and musical as thine!
O sing! nor let us feel once more
That Rapture's strains, with thine, are o'er.

The imitation, inserted below, is actually superior to the original! Nothing can be more easy than the construction of these verses, and the third stanza is finely descriptive of the placid pleasures of moderation.

Song, in imitation of Sir John Suckling, by Mr. HUNT.

Throw the gaudy roses from thee,
Dash the cup to earth:
Little, heedless youth, become thee
Wreaths and wine, and mirth,
Dash the cup to earth.

Care, beneath those flowers, will sting thee,
Roses hide but thorns,
Stings to pain and woe will bring thee;
Pain no life adorns,
Roses hide but thorns.

Prythee, cease thy frantic revel;
Prythee, hush thy noise;
Happy lives tread light and level,

Hate such clamorous joys;
Prythee, hush thy noise.

Touch the lyre, in *gentle* measure;
Peace is all our heaven,
Bliss is an immortal treasure,
Nor to man is given.
Peace is all our heaven.

Bowls—they break, and wreaths—they wither;
Virtue ne'er can fade,
Here her roses bloom—O, hither!—
An immortal shade.
Virtue ne'er can fade.

As the curious reader may wish to compare this charming copy with the original, the latter is subjoined.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
Prythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her,
If, of herself, she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

I shall now close these specimens of early Genius. Studious to advance the reputation, and promote the interest of Mr. Hunt, I have endeavoured to obtain some of his latest productions. All, which are here inserted, are subsequent to his "Juvenilia," and I have derived them from a volume so recent, and scarce in this country, that, to a great majority of my readers, they must be entirely novel. As I have made my quotations principally from the graver pages of Mr. Hunt's poetry, I will terminate this imperfect essay, by inserting a festive song, which has not been often surpassed by the bacchanalian lays of much older, and more experienced votaries of the jolly god.

ANACREONTIC.

When Bacchus first broke from old Jupiter's thigh,
And rode down triumphant to earth on a cask;
A set of stout fellows, facetious and dry,
Would his Highness's favour and patronage ask:

So they penn'd a petition, which ran at this odd rate—
We, your Godship's petitioners, jovial and trusty,
Can gauge, roar a catch, and have passions so mod'rate,
That tho' always dry, yet we never are crusty.

Your Godship's fine stomach, so healthy and round,
We've endeavour'd to copy at luncheon and feast,
But so perfect a stomach can never be found;
And so we've a thousand times said to the priest.

However, we would on your Godship attend,
Fill your glass, furnish toasts, and the corkscrew keep clean;
We may hope with your noble example to mend,
And procure us a stomach, that's fit to be seen.

This petition, when Bacchus had read, from his cask
He nodded sublime;—and with majesty spoke:
Ye thirsty old spirits, ye born for the flask,
Oh, sweet shall you roll mid your flaggons of oak.

Sure Nature has fashioned those mouths for the bowl;
Philosophy says she made nothing in vain;
And the wine shall your stomach so sweetly console,
That your feet by your eyes shall no longer be seen.

But come, my brave boys—hark, I hear the brown stout!
We'll see, before morning, old Carefulness dead;
And if cousin Di' must her candle put out,
The flame on our noses shall light us to bed.

—

The following is an excellent example of smiling satire. It can acknowledge no other author than ADDISON. He seems to have a sort of exclusive right to such good humoured sallies.

"I remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a constable to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and so improved, in them, his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation, of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty."

—

Burns was ruined by going to Edinburg, and yielding to the importunities and example of those, who only thought of him as an article of dessert, or as an elymosanary guest to give a zest to their compotations. If he had continued to wander on the banks of the Ayr, he would have, probably, still possessed a bright mind in a robust body, and have risen to a columnar height of reputation.

—

I admire the character of Erasmus, and his Latinity is almost the only modern dialect of the Roman that I can peruse with pleasure. His miscellaneous works and his epistles are of the very essence of elegance; and, from his wandering life, and varied occupations, he presents us the agreeable picture of an erudite scholar, and an accomplished man of the world. The following account of his Colloquies is in a spirit of correct criticism, and in a style of elegance.

Few books have been more favourably received at their first publication, than the Colloquies of Erasmus. A large edition, by Froben, at Basil, was no sooner printed, that it was sold and dispersed. Its distribution only excited a demand which it was insufficient to supply. Colinæus soon after reprinted the work at Paris, in a duodecimo edition. He printed twenty-four thousand, and they were all quickly sold. But, the Latin was then the common language of elegance, wit, and learning for all Europe; and the sale of these twenty-four thousand was not confined within France alone. The fame of their author; their copious and elegant colloquial Latinity; their utility to youth, beginning the study of Roman literature; their Lucianic wit, humour, and freedom of sentiment; with the boldness of their censures of prevalent errors in opinion and corruptions in manners, were the qualities by which these dialogues were, from the first, recommended to such extraordinary popularity; and by the same qualities they have ever since retained it.

—

Sir Philip Sydney, whose life though brief, was brilliant, and to whose patronage, Mr. Ellis assures us, English literature owes many obligations, was one of the most gallant poets of that age. He had wit, elegance, and facility. His amatory poems are not whining lamentations about the perfections and cruelty of an ideal paragon, but are lively, dramatic, and descriptive of real passion. The following lines, addressed to a faint hearted lover, shew that the *experienced* author had a profound acquaintance with the female heart. Ovid could not have suggested stronger motives to amorous audacity, nor St. Evremond have more persuasively urged to perseverence in courtship.

Faint amorist! what dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall, or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'est not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny;
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent, is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Does she pout, and leave the room?
Then she *goes to bid thee come.*

Is she sick? why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with No?
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then.
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost, if that thou hit'st her not.

He, that after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

MISCELLANY.

[There is an occasional and rambling sort of a writer in the Port Folio, who calls his raw spun thoughts and shreds of selection, by the sonorous title of "Author's Evenings." In looking into the Reporter, a newspaper of a literary complexion, we are delighted to discover an ingenious writer, who, in this miscellaneous walk, displays not only reading, but invention.]

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF OLD SIMON.

I am no horseman, and have oftener visited the library than the stud, but should like to inquire, of some of the *knowing ones* of the turf, whether the following description of the Horse, extracted from Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, does not comprise all the points now esteemed excellent in that noble animal, excepting, perhaps, in some of the minor beauties, where Fashion, who delights to play her pranks with horses tails, as well as with ladies' heads, and sometimes docks the former, and sometimes frizzles the latter, may have marred that line of grace, which filled the poet's eye.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should succeed:
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape and carriage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hooft, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

—

Last evening, as I sat musing by my fire side upon the evils attendant on human life, and the petulance with which man bears them; the remembrance of my cousin Simon came fresh to my mind. I can well recollect how cheerfully he would sit in his easy chair, coeval in age with himself, and with an old man's garrulity, and a large fund of that useful philosophy, which is the handmaid of Religion and daughter of Experience, recommend that patience in adversity, which his whole life had exemplified. I had thoughts of affording your readers the benefit of some of his practical lectures, but when I wrote them in plain prose, they had so much the appearance of the sermons of an excellent preacher I have frequently read, that although I knew they would be relished highly by readers of reflexion and matured taste, yet I apprehended that their

sober appearance might frighten the youthful and unreflecting. In aid of virtue all innocent means may be used. Perhaps those who might turn with disgust from a sermon, may read and relish wisdom in a song.

OLD SIMON.

Tune—In a Mouldering Cave.

In his crazy arm chair, on the downhill of life,
Old Simon sat calm and resign'd;
He had outliv'd his friends, he had buried his wife,
Old Simon, was lame, deaf and blind.

But the Being of Love, who still tempers the blast,
With devotion had sweeten'd his mind;
Her gay smiles, o'er his wrinkles, Contentment had cast
And cheer'd him, though lame, deaf and blind.

His misfortunes, his woes, could you hear him relate,
Insisting they all were design'd
To reclaim him from ill, or some bliss to create,
You'd long to be lame, deaf and blind.

When I learn, says Old Simon, that topics of state,
Inflame each political chief;
That they back-bite, snarl, slander, in noisy debate,
Old Simon's content to be deaf.

When Fashion, that tempter, than the serpent more sly,
To folly Eve's daughters inclin'd;
When, with scarce a fig-leaf, they obtrude on the eye,
Old Simon's content to be blind.

When battles' fell trumpets so frequently sound,
And blood marks our annals with shame,
When abroad, war and murder, are raging around,
At home, I'm content to be lame.

Thus, this worthy old man, by contentment and pray'r,
To the ills of his life was resign'd;
And in death he exclaim'd, as he sunk in his chair,
What bliss! to the lame, deaf, and blind.

With chaplets of joy, in the regions above,
His temples the angels entwin'd;
Old Simon there blesses the Being of Love,
Who, here, made him lame, deaf, and blind.

BIOGRAPHY.

[At length, after an impatient enquiry for many years, we have it in our power to present the public with a copious, accurate, and elegant life of HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq. a gentleman, who, from the ease and simplicity exhibited in two successive works, upon the plan of the Spectator, &c. has received and deserved the appellation of the SCOTCH ADDISON. To those, who are emulous of a stile, with powers of captivation, such as are felt in the works of STERNE and GOLDSMITH, the story of La Roche, and the papers in "The Lounger," with the signature of Z. are strongly recommended. The writer of this article, the humble harbinger of a favorite author, has often borrowed of the night the hours due to repose, that he might follow the fortunes of the sensitive HARLEY, and trace the workings of jealousy in the mind of the vengeful Montauban.

One circumstance in the literary annals of our author, his biographer has omitted. Mr. Mackenzie wrote an address to the people of Great-Britain, in answer to Paine's Rights of Man," shortly after that renegado attempted to disturb the public peace, by that egregious pamphlet, the mawkish and detestable compound of falshood and folly. Of the various replies to the sophistry and audacity of this felon, this is one of the most acute, elegant, and conclusive. With the exception of BURKE'S elaborate dissertation on the subject, in the front of his reflections on the revolution in France, addressed to Mons. Menonville, it contains the best description of the English constitution, as settled at the revolution, under the auspices of the Prince of Orange, we have ever seen, in so concise a form. Mr. Mackenzie has likewise, with the sagacity of a statesman and the prescience of a prophet, detailed the imperfections, and foretold the consequences of that shallow system, of that "institute and digest of anarchy," the project of a republic in France. He has described, with great vivacity, the miseries of the commonwealth under the usurping protectorate of the fanatic Cromwell; and he exclaims, in a tone of honest exultation, that the republic was at length buried, and the execrations of a whole people were poured upon its grave, and even its ghost at midnight durst no more meet the frown of an Englishman.]

MR. HENRY MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF FEELING, &c. &c.

Henry Mackenzie, a man eminent by tenderness and elegance of genius, by his love of literature, by diligence and ability in business, and by the attractions of his conversation and manners, was born, as we have been informed, about the year 1746.

His father was Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of a distinguished branch of the ancient family of the Mackenzies of the North of Scotland. He was a gentleman of great worth and benevolence; and died last year, in Edinburgh, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

The gentleman, whose merits are the subject of this memoir, after receiving a liberal education, with the advantages usual in Scotland, chose for his profession to engage in a particular department of the practice of the law; and in the year 1766 became an attorney in the Scottish court of exchequer.

A taste for even the delicacies of the polite literature of France and England had, just about that time, become fashionable in the best society in Scotland. David Hume, Lord Kaimes, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Adam Smith, had already cultivated history, philosophy, and eloquence, with a success which excited emulation, and in conditions of life from which the same praise might appear desirable to the gentleman, the man of business, and the man of the world, who would have disdained the pedantry of obscure erudition. Macpherson's translation of the remains of Ossian, Home's tragedy of Douglass, and a few other successful pieces in the literature of fancy, had been also produced, from which it began to be supposed, that natives of Scotland, even while permanently resident there, might occasionally excel, not merely in science, learning, and energy of setiment, but in those compositions which required a skill in all the many changing colours of English phraseology, in the finer diversities of the texture of English style, in those modes of the superficial manners of English life, which form as it were, the colouring and the drapery of our lighter ethical literature, in the art of touching those keys, of giving vibration to those chords, of educing those sweetly wild, yet exquisitely artificial sounds, to which alone the native tones of English passion, and the peculiar energies of English imagination, are wont to awake responsive.

The classics, in particular, of the English and French literature of fiction, were, then, read in Scotland, with incredible fondness; but, read as yet only or chiefly by people of fashion. It is with our taste in books, as with our fashions in dress. As the particular form of a head-dress, or the particular cut of a coat, however in itself happily elegant and graceful, no sooner descends to the use of the shopkeeper's smart wife, or the beau behind a compter, than it becomes odious to the gay flutterers of high life: so, let even a taste for literary amusement become general among the common people—and the great shall be seen, all, to contend with one another for the palm of ignorance; but, let any one species of science or literature have just shewn itself in a country as a novelty, and be known as yet only as one of the pleasures or decorations of people in higher life—and you shall see them pursue it with a zeal the most ardent, and a diligence the most persevering. With this advantage in their favour, the works of Le Sage, of Fielding and of Smollett, could not fail to please: they had pleased much in Scotland: but the first partiality for them among the more refined order of readers, had already somewhat abated. Comedy in tears, and sentimental novels were, now, the *rage*. The Tristram Shandy of Sterne, *La Nouvelle Heloise* by Rousseau, the comedies of Diderot, and still, to a certain degree, the novels of Richardson were the favourite volumes. These, even the unskilful affected highly to admire. Upon these, the public taste was formed. A young man, with a fondness for study, and feeling the first impulse of genius, might, indeed, happen not to have read them; but he could not listen to conversation on any subject related to taste in the literature of fancy, without being taught to think those excellencies for which they were distinguished, the best virtues and graces of whatever was elegant in literary composition.

Genius springs not up, like an Arabian palace of enchantment, in the desart, without the exercise of visible means in its creation. It is not born with that culture and those biasses to which we owe the particular efforts and productions which afterwards distinguish it in the world. One may, therefore, hope to be pardoned in this attempt to trace those circumstances in the state of the literature and taste of the time of Mr. Mackenzie's early youth, by which he was guided to try with such success, those species of writing, which delight to melt the heart with tenderness, to refine the soul to delicate generosity of fentiment, and to divert the fancy with the elegant poignancy of Attic wit.

His first attempts at composition were poetical. He wrote, while very young, many small pieces in verse. And, though of the gentlest and kindest of tempers, he was inticed, probably by desire of the praise of wit, sometimes to try his powers in satire.

Yet, he, even then, appears to have delighted much rather in the tenderness, the simplicity, and the charming freshness of imagery, which belong to the pastoral. His verses took sometimes the form and plaintive tone of the elegy. And, he is known to have tried, also, to accommodate poetry to the ends of ethical disquisition.

From these juvenile attempts in poesy he was soon encouraged to aspire to rival the admired masters in the composition of the sentimental and pathetic novel. In 1768, or perhaps 1769, he wrote, in his hours of leisure from professional employment, that beautiful small piece, the *Man of Feeling*. It was not, at first, received with the favour due to its merit, by those sagacious booksellers to whom, without any demand of copy-money, he made offer of it for publication. But, this difficulty was, at last, overcome. The book was printed. It came out without the author's name. And it had been but a very short time before the public, when every voice was, to enthusiam, eager in its praise. The *fair*, especially, and the young were its passionate admirers. Never were the native sentiments of uncorupted youth, represented in a light more enchantingly amiable. It seemed as if the work were by some disciple of Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, accustomed to refer the origin of all our moral ideas to unreasoning but delicately sensible internal feeling: and Harley, the hero of the tale, was, as it were, moral sense all over. Rousseau relates, that, when his *Nouvelle Heloise* was published at Paris, the ladies of that capital supposed the adventures of St. Preux to have been those of the author himself; and were, to such a degree, enraptured with the charming man, that he might probably have succeeded in an intrigue with any one of them, to whom he should have chosen to offer his addresses. The virtue of the ladies of Edinburgh would be exceedingly disgraced by comparison with the amorous facility, ascribed to those of Paris. Nor was the virtuous sensibility of Harley to be compared with the ardent sensuality of St. Preux. But, we believe, the same fancy that the adventures of Harley were those of the author of the *Man of Feeling* himself; and a similar partiality to a being so tender of heart, endowed with moral sympathies so exquisitely fine, and so delicately good; were extremely common, for a while, among the female readers of Mr. Mackenzie's novel.

Since the names of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, and of *St. Preux*, have been here mentioned; one is na-

turally tempted to add, without meaning any insinuation adverse to the idea of the originality of Mr. Mackenzie's genius; that the character and adventures of Harley have been said to be imitated from those of the hero of Rousseau's novel, with a freedom and deviation, indeed, which almost create an original, yet with a resemblance sufficient to indicate what model the writer had in his eye. Harley is St. Preux in all but the fire of genius and of passion. Instead of the glowing sensuality of the hero of the French novel, he is refined to a sainted or angel purity of soul. He reasons little: he needs not to be guided by the cold precepts of reason: he has moral sensibility to keep him ever amiably in the right: but then, his moral sensibility is alive even to a degree of morbid delicacy and tremulous feebleness. His adventures are such as tend to shew his character in all the lights necessary to make us see it fully and distinctively. He is educated in retirement: he comes to town, and there visits some remarkable scenes, and has a part in some striking incidents: he returns to the country, and after languishing a while in love which he dares not tell, expires in a joy too great not to overpower his feebleness, at the very moment when he learns that his love would not be unreturned. All the imagery and incidents of the piece accord with the cast and spirit of the principal character. They are delicately tender; and they are adapted to touch the springs of tenderness in the heart. The author delights in the detail of minute imagery; and he knows to make that exquisitely interesting which would be, in other hands, trivial and insipid. In a work with such beauties, one forgets all severity of judgment in regard of style. But, the style of the *Man of Feeling* might defy such severity. It is pure, more pure indeed from Scoticisms than from Gallicisms, sweet, and elegant with dignity, but without pomp.

The author's name remained, for a time, unknown beyond the circle of his private friends. But, in England as in Scotland, it was thought, that he must, certainly, be the most amiable of men; and the ladies in particular, were anxiously desirous to learn—who in the world it might be? A Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, became, amidst these circumstances, ambitious to usurp the praise of it. For some purpose, whether of love, of interest, or of mere vanity, he was, it seems, capable of taking the pains to transcribe the whole work, and even of marking his manuscript with erasures and interlineations, to give it an air of being that copy, in which the author had wrought the last polish on his piece, before transcribing it for the press. The manuscript was found among that gentleman's papers, after his death; and had, for a time, the effect to excite among persons, who were not better informed, the persuasion for which he seems to have intended it.

The success with which the "*Man of Feeling*" had been published, encouraged its real author to give, within no long time after, to the world, a poem, under the title of "*Pursuits of Happiness*," which the writer of this memoir has not happened to read, but which, though not often reprinted, has been much commended by persons well able to judge of its merits.

In the "*Man of the World*" Mr. Mackenzie next produced a sort of second part to the "Man of Feeling." It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, the author had imagined a hero who found all the pleasures and all the pains of his life, with all the amiable peculiarities of his character, in constant obedience to every emotion of his moral sense: In the "Man of the World," he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong to misery and ruin, and, spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a happiness which he expected to obtain, in defiance of the moral sense. What other system of moral philosophy had ever the advantage of illustrations so elegant, as these volumes afford of that of Hutcheson, and his pupil, Smith? It was not ungraciously received by the public; yet not altogether with that enthusiasm of delight and admiration which the Man of Feeling had commanded. The Man of the World was but the common character of a person sacrificing all better considerations to the headlong pursuit of selfish and sensual pleasure. This character had been often before drawn, and often with a bolder hand, with happier dexterity, with deeper skill. The Man of Feeling though somewhat, perhaps, a-kin to the family of St. Preux and of Yorick, was, however, in many respects, a true original. This difference in nature between these two pieces, might, even alone, enable us to account for the inferiority of the success of the Man of the World. Beside this, however, the manner of the author was no longer new to his readers: and that which wants the charm of absolute novelty, wants what is by much the best of all recommendations to the favour of those at least who are deficient in judgment and taste.

When the late Dr. Samuel Johnson was at Edinburgh, in the excursion which he made to the isles on the west coast of Scotland; the "Man of the World" was, at the house of his friend Mr. Boswell, put in his hands. But Johnson, though his own writings afford indubitable proofs, that he possessed one of the tenderest of human hearts, was very far from being willing to acknowledge an unreasoning moral sense, as the true principle of discrimination between right and wrong, in the mind of man; and he despised or rather abhorred the fashionable whine of sensibility as commonly affected, and very often dangerous. Perceiving, therefore, in the "Man of the World," few original observations on the practice of human life, and nothing in the incidents and passions, that was, at once new and admirably faithful to the truth of nature; he soon threw down these volume with disgust, and spoke with severe and slighting censure of their merits.

Mr. Mackenzie had the fortune to meet Dr. Johnson during his stay at Edinburgh, at breakfast, one morning in the house of the late amiable Dr. Blacklock. The gentle, modest, and unaffectedly elegant manners of Mr. Mackenzie, avoided all offence to the irritable English philosopher. But, unluckily, after Mr. Mackenzie had gone, Mrs. Blacklock spoke with a zeal in his praise, which excited a sort of conversation-quarrel between her and Johnson. She justly commended Mr. Mackenzie, as joining to tenderness and elegance of genius, the most amiable social virtues; and mentioned, in proof of his filial piety, that his father and he lived still together, in one house, in such harmony, that it were difficult to say, whether the father shewed greater esteem and kindness for his son, or the son more of reverence and affectionate attachment to his father. "They ought not to live, thus, together, Madam," answered Johnson, roughly. Mrs. Blacklock, much astonished and even shocked, asked, how Dr. Johnson could think so?"—"The son, Madam, having attained the years of manhood and discretion ought to become the master of a family for himself: the order of nature and the uses of society require, that it should be so. If it were the intention of Providence, that parents and their grown-up children should continue to make one family; it would be less rare than we now see that it is, for them to live in harmony together." Even this observation could not reconcile the lady to the idea of making that a subject of reprehension in Mr. Mackenzie, which appeared to her, to be the most amiable quality any young man could possess. In her polite attention to her guest, she soon after asked Dr. Johnson to take another cup of tea; though he had before declined to have any more. "I tell thee, no! woman!" replied Johnson, with fierce rudeness. They parted with mutual irritation. Johnson afterwards remembered the Blacklocks with respect and kindness. But, their gentleness and benevolence had been so much shocked by the roughness of his manners and the harshness of his remarks, that it was at least with no common exercise of christian forbearance and charity, if they were able afterward to think of him with the same benignity of judgment and of wishes which they were accustomed to exercise toward every person else.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LAW INTELIGENCE.

[We insert the ensuing law report, because we presume it may interest the merchant, and Mr. ERSKINE's allusion to the imposture of Jenkinson the sharper, in the well known novel, may amuse the general reader.]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEBRUARY 11.

TELLUSSON v. BELL.

This was a case of deviation. The ship the Malabar, on her voyage from the Isle of Bourbon to Toulon, entered the port of Cadiz, where she was captured by the Spaniards. This happened in March 1793, and it was alleged on the part of the plaintiff that the captain was under apprehension of meeting with cruizers of powers at war with France. The Jury found for the Plaintiff.

Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Parke, and Mr. Giles now shewed cause against a rule for a new trial. They affirmed that the captain had been acting for the good of all concerned, and therefore that the deviation was excused. It was not necessary that the danger should actually exist; if there was a well founded apprehension of danger, it was sufficient. Two Spanish frigates that might have taken the Malabar, sailed away as soon as she hoisted the national colours, and the crew had been told that the emperor, Prussia, and Sardinia had declared war against France, and that England was arming. The cause had been tried by a full special jury, and there was a gentleman upon it, and an underwriter himself, one of the most intelligent, clear-headed, and most experienced persons on these subjects, that ever assisted in the administration of justice. This was Mr. Vaux, whom it was lawful to praise, as he was now no more. They hoped that the learned gentleman on the other side, would not be again furnished with an excuse to tell the story of admiral Campbell.

Mr. Erskine contended, that if this rule was not made absolute, there was no such thing as a deviation, and the whole law of insurance would be overset. Although the captain did not act *mala fide*, he must have reasonable grounds for what he does, and here the captain could scarcely have acted otherwise, had he wished to throw the ship away. Was it reasonable to suppose, after what happened, that Spain would remain at peace? If England was arming, was not this the very reason why he should have made the best of his way to Toulon, not above a week's sail? What was to be apprehended from the cruizers of these great maritime powers, Austria and Prussia? But a formidable climax had been raised against him. The cause had not only been tried by a jury, a full special jury, but an underwriter of uncommon intelligence and experience, was upon this full special jury. He rejoiced in this opportunity to testify his respect for the memory of Mr. Vax; but what, if this very gentleman was in a minority, and wished to find for

the defendant? (It was whispered by the other side that the court could take no notice of this.) Said Mr. Erskine, there was a pastor, who thus once addressed his flock: "I am accused of rambling in my sermons, my friends; but if you will ramble to the Devil, I must ramble after you." My learned friends, he continued, go so far as to aticipate that upon the new trial I shall tell the story of admiral Campbell. They seem to think, that like the man in *the Vicar of Wakefield*, who was always discovered by talking about *Cosmogony*, so I may be found out by repeating the story of admiral Campbell. If I were to ab scond from my creditors, or to fly on any other account, they would mention in the hand-bills, and advertisements published for my detection, "He is much given to telling the story of admiral Campbell." However, I will tell the story of admiral Campbell once more. On the trial of Wilkinson v. the commissioners of the navy, Lord Mansfield was assisted by that noble Admiral, who, being asked whether a master of a vessel was justified in bearing away to a port, instead of continuing his voyage, replied, "In sitting here I think he might have acted otherwise; but had I been in his situation I might have been of the same opinion with him." The plaintiff immediately recovered. But there the men had refused to work any longer at the pumps, and the ship was in the greatest distress. The captain did not deviate because Prussia was likely to go to war, or the elector of Bavaria was recruiting his army. Between the two cases there was not the slightest resemblance.

The judges said, it was a point peculiarly for the determination of the jury, and as it had been properly left to them at the trial, their verdict ought ought not to be disturbed.—*Rule discharged.*

[*London paper.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Maxwell, the printer and proprietor of the copy right of the WORKS of the late Dr. WILLIAM SMITH, has deemed it his duty to inform the public, that the unexpected delay of publication has not arisen from negligence or procrastination on his part, but from the long indisposition of the venerable author, which interrupted the revision, and his subsequent death, which checked the progress of the work. It is now in rapid train, and the publisher will soon have it in his power to comply with his engagements and fulfil the expectations of the public. How carefully the whole work will be edited, and how soon it will appear, may be seen in the following letter from a gentleman, the son, and one of the executors of the late Dr. SMITH. The various productions of a mind so fertile, enriched by LEARNING and quickened by FANCY, we doubt not will be examined with avidity by men of taste and letters; and in the character and erudition of the gentlemen and scholars who have undertaken to superintend the work, the public have a sufficient pledge that these volumes shall appear in a style of correctness due to the reputation of the author, and honorable to the accuracy of the American press.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1803.

MR. HUGH MAXWELL,

SIR,

Having understood from my late venerable father, in his life time, that he had, for reasons satisfactory to himself, conveyed to you the sole copy right of his works, part of which is already printed off; and having seen in your possession a written contract for that purpose, the executors of his last will intend faithfully to adhere to his engagement, and will accordingly have you furnished with the remaining copy. The few pages wanting to complete two volumes, shall be delivered in the beginning of the next week, and you may safely promise to deliver two volumes to the public, on or before the first of July next.

The sermons and other religious tracts yet remaining, shall be immediately delivered to the right reverend Dr. White, who, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Andrews, the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, and the Rev. Dr. Hutchins, will kindly take the trouble to arrange and correct them for the press. The well known character of those gentlemen will give confidence to the public, that they shall receive the remaining part of the work correctly from your hands. I well know that it was my father's wish that those papers should be confided to the three first gentlemen; and from personal respect, I have taken the liberty to add the name of Dr. Hutchins, in whose correct judgment, combined with a glowing fancy, I have the greatest confidence. As you proceed in the work, you will therefore furnish each of these gentlemen with proof sheets, after they shall have undergone your own corrections, that every precaution may be taken to deliver the work from the press, as perfect as possible.

The miscellaneous matter I will take to Lancaster, and will arrange them for publication during the summer, so that there shall be no delay, as to the supplemental and concluding volume.

I beg you will have it explicitly understood, that whatever emolument may be derived from the work, will be exclusively your own; and that no interest is to arise out of it to the family of the author: of course, should there be a loss, it will fall upon yourself.

I am respectfully yours,

CHARLES SMITH.

We approve of the above arrangement.

BENJ. R. MORGAN, } Co executors.
RICH. SMITH, }

We understand, that the excellent edition of Forsyth on fruit trees, published with additional matter, and notes, by Mr. John Morgan of this city, has experienced a very rapid sale, and that its popularity has been fully equivalent to its singular usefulness. An epitome of this book, comprehending what is peculiarly interesting to the *American* gardener, and enriched by a variety of *original* notes respecting our home horticulture, is now in the press, and will be shortly published. We are informed that this is the production of an American gentleman, who has already, by a prior performance, demonstrated how skilfully he can treat all the topics of the rural economy of his country.

The first volume of Willich's "Domestic Encyclopedia" has just been published by Messrs. Birch and Small. This is an useful book, and it is neatly and correctly printed.

An Edition of that witty and learned poem the "Pleader's Guide," has been undertaken in this city, and we wish it may be amply encouraged. The facetious author with all the wit and erudition of BUTLER, is superior to him in fluency of stile, and sweetness of versification.

Mr. Samuel Bradford has just published in a very elegant manner, from the *second* London edition, a work distinguished for fertility of fancy, interest in narrative, and splendour of style, entitled "ROMANCES by J. D'ISRAELI." This highly polished effusion of a luxuriant genius, is derived from the Persian, and presents a specimen of sweetly modulated prose, which the admirer of melodious periods, will peruse with great pleasure. Mr. D'ISRAELI is a gentleman of liberal mind, fortune, and leisure, who has devoted his whole time, with all the enthusiasm of genius, seconded by the ardour of application, to the cultivation of Polite Literature. He is an author, *by choice;* and his Invention, Taste and Industry, have been evinced by a series of amusing works, in a stile of elaborate elegance. His "Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character," is not only a very gay and brilliant book, but contains the best history and defence of the peculiarities of men of letters, we have ever perused. His "Vaurien, or Sketches of the Times," has many splendid passages, and much wholesome satire, against the philosophical and political mountebanks of the day. His "Curiosities of Literature," are a museum of captivating objects, to every learned enquirer; and his "Dissertation on Anecdotes" is a *parlour window book*, possessing many powers of attraction. In the stile of Mr. D'Israeli there is sometimes, too near an approach to the manner of Gibbon, and the assiduous study of French and Italian literature, though it has often imparted a shining grace, has occasionally mingled an alloy of idiom, with the general purity of Mr. D'Israeli's english. But his faults are few, and even they are dazling, like those alluded to by QUINCTILIAN, as splendid errors. They arise from a generous exuberance of imagination, and an excessive ambition of ornament. We cannot omit noticing in terms of high approbation, the elegant and spirited frontispiece. It is admirably executed by Mr. Haines.

We know not if it would be too extravagant to aver, that it is superior to that in the London original. It represents a pair of Arcadian lovers, surveying the exquisite proportions of the Corinthian column. The countenance of the lover is open, majestic and impassioned, and the captivating contour of the countenance of a Grecian beauty, is so finely described by the genius of the artist, that no man of sensibility can view it without emotion.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Aurora has grown so coarse, that, like other brown paper, it may now serve to wrap up brown sugar, or be occasionally applied to such cuts and contusions, as almost nightly occur among its democratic friends.

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If a wholesale dealer in Literature can, by an insinuating preface, prevail with people to buy the whole piece, his business is done, and it is too late for the deluded purchaser to repent, be the goods ever so flimsy, but a weekly retailer is constantly bound to his good behaviour. Like certain officers he holds his honours and profits only during pleasure, and, whatever may be his first success, as soon as he flags in his weekly course, he is rigorously struck off at once from his two-penny establishment.

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New and decorated editions of SHAKESPEARE abound more than they ever did, at any former period. The well earned reputation of Mr. Stothart and Heath would give celebrity to any thing. Of the edition, with prints designed by the former, and engraved by the latter, the Reviewers speak very favourably.

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Numbers of a very neat edition, with copies on both large and small paper, are published, with designs by Thornton, engraved in wood by Nesbit. This is, in the phrase of the trade, very neatly got up. The vignettes are small, but engraved with a neatness, precision and labour, that we have scarcely ever seen equalled. The first, which is printed on all the covers, is emblematic, and represents the heart of the poet, with emblems of a tragic coronet, robe, &c. surrounded by a serpent, as an emblem of the eternity of his

fame. The vignette, in the first title-page, represents a poet writing. The face has character, but the bard is rather more fat than bard beseems. Motto, the poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling.

Another edition is publishing with desings by Loutherberg.

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The pure principles of correct government in Massachusetts are more prevalent at the present time, and the people are more generally united, in political sentiments, than they have been for some years. The issue of the late elections in that state exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine friends of order. In the county of Worcester, Federal republicanism is gaining ground; and though the Farmer has not thrown in his mite to aid the cause, as was done before, yet the Ægis of Mr. Blake has produced nearly the same effect. The editor we learn, has quitted this *secondary*, successless enterprize, has discarded the panoply of Pallas, and, as with a shield, now shelters himself behind the covers of his Coke. [*Farmer's Museum.*

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A London paper observes, that the Earl of Warwick has recently discovered on his estate a valuable and extensive stratum of the earth, which not only cuts like soap, but is found to possess all the qualities of that useful article. A principal clothier in the west of England has engaged to take a hundred tons weight of it, at a high price. A wit observes, that if this should turn out to be a *lie*, or a mere tale of a *tub*, the clothier will fairly be in the *suds*. *ibid.*

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An English gentleman being one day at the India house, met a Dutch merchant, who had never before been in London. The Dutchman had occasion to go to the west end of the town. —The Englishman offered to accompany him and wishing to *astonish him*, by an advantageous view of St. Paul's cathedral, took him thro' the back street into Doctor's Commons and came out at the arched gate; when taking his Dutch friend into the corner, desired him to look up at what might be justly esteemed the *eighth wonder of the world* —"Aha", said the Dutchman, is it so? Well it is fourteen days since I did set my watch in Amsterdam and look—here—it is within half a minute of that church dial"

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Hogarth observes that all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in straight lines, but that all the *graceful* and *ornamental* movements are made in *curve* lines. Such are all the movements of one, who is tipsy.

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It is said that the funds of a charity school abroad were, for a long time, in so declining a state, that the governors found it a hard task to support the establishment. Sermon after sermon was preached in vain. At length a genius suggested the happy idea of instituting a BALL for the benefit of the foundation. The proposal was instantly adopted, a room was hired, and a number of tickets were printed, representing a figure of Charity—in the *fourth position!*

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A late writer describes the temperament of a woman of fine understanding, but strong passions, in the following picturesque terms. She had an eye of anarchy, which refused sometimes the despotism of discretion, a soul on fire, that maintained an endless struggle with her prudence, and a body trembling to every movement of her mind. In the prominent veins of her polished forehead, you might see such a dance of spirits, as would beckon you to instant sympathy, and the workings of her lively mind gave such an intenseness to her looks, as doubled the force of her meaning, and claimed homage from every beholder.

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It has been well observed by an experienced writer, that the best security against gloominess of temper, and vain repinings, except the *natural* boon of a happy temper, is to dislodge as early as possible from the mind, all splendid views of life, and sanguine expectations of the future, which, by accumulating particular disappointments, are sure, in the end, to discolour the general character of our thoughts and maxims.

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The Aurora of Tuesday last, has an article, which excites, no other emotions than *pity* and *contempt; Pity*, on account of the excessive *weakness* of the youth, whom Mr. Jefferson appointed consul for the United States in London, to the exclusion of a much abler officer, and infinitely more respectable character. *Contempt*, for the degree of vanity evinced by this youth, in *puffing himself*, in the "Morning Post," as *the friend* of Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. King, who is said to be on the eve of his return to his native land, has been so fully aware of the estimation in which Erving is held by the British government, that since his appointment to supercede Mr. Williams as consul, no intercourse has been tolerated by the ambassador, more than the duties of his station enjoined, towards a public officer, representing the same government.

Mr. Erving has perhaps less pretentions to the patronage of the Americans, than any other "friend of Mr. Jefferson;" but he fills, nevertheless, the first and most lucrative consulate which this country can bestow.

Without farther preface, let the article speak, not only for itself, but for its author.

"The following is an extract from the London *Morning Post and Gazetteer*, and shews clearly in what estimation Mr. ERVING is held in London. It also proves that there is not the least apprehension entertained of any change in the conduct towards Great Britain, in consequence of Mr. King's return to his country:—

"Considerable anxiety is expressed in the American papers, at the prospect of the resignation of Mr. KING, the ambassador of the United States at this court. Much as we value the great talents and conciliatory measures of that gentleman, we cannot admit that a change of representation should be likely to produce any change of conduct towards Great Britain.

"The JEFFERSON administration is as peculiar for its plan of preserving a friendly intercourse with all nations, as either of the former; and should a person be appointed from among his friends, the same line of conduct will be pursued—Mr. ERVING, the new American consul here is the friend of Mr. JEFFERSON, and was appointed to that office by him. We believe no man could have acquired more popularity, and have given more general satisfaction to the commercial interests in this city, by his talents and great attention to the duties of his office than Mr. ERVING has done."

—

The result of the town-meeting on Monday evening, of which three distinct accounts have already been published, is a fresh proof of the happy *gestion* of a mob government.

Of all the householders and landholders and ship owners of the city of Philadelphia (we would ask for the purpose of information) was Col. *Thomas Willis* the most proper and best qualified individual to be chairman of a general meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia? And we ask again, was William Duane a suitable person to officiate as secretary to such a meeting. It is well known that neither of these *people* was duly appointed to discharge the functions of chairman and secretary, and the proper course to have been pursued by the large majority who negatived the nomination, would have been *to desert, as the Col. chairman* himself once did, *rather than face the foe.*

—

What does Capt. Secretary Duane mean by an "*exemplary check?*" Is it a declarration of war, and is the *Shee legion* to be called into actual service for the purpose of dispersing or intimidating all federalists who attend town-meetings? "Captain, *draw your sword* and swear"; Duane knows the rest of the song.

—

It was very well known, long before *the secretary* told us, that "every idea of a town-meeting, composed of all parties, is at an end." The federalist and the democrat are in a state of eternal hostility towards each other, as much as the dog and cat, and it is to be hoped they never will be more congenial. The federalists know that the democrats always meet for improper or unlawful purposes—how then can there be any concert between the parties?

—

The federal party care very little whether the next sheriff be W. T. Donaldson or Frederick Wolbert. But the outrageous democrats and all jacobins, are striving to promote the interest of Wolbert. Hence town-meetings and resolves respecting the conduct of the board of health, of which Donaldson is president.

—

It is an advantage to all narrow wisdom, and narrow politics that their maxims have a plausible air, and, on a cursory view, appear equal to first principles. They are light and portable. They are as current as copper coin, and about as valuable.

—

A Parisian wit says that the fashions for the month of *Nivose* were *watering eyes, chattering teeth, and red noses!*

—

A man who had a defect in one of his legs was objected to by a magistrate, as a substitute for a balloted militia man, on the score of his lameness. "I know I am lame, your worship," said he, "but I offer myself *to fight*, and not to *run away.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several provincial correspondents apply to to the Editor, or his Agents, for the Port Folio, for *three*, or *six* months. A compliance with such requests, would violate the integrity of his original plan. He sells no *single* papers, nor a *moiety* of the volume. He is of a temper wholly averse to the devices of a Pedlar, and has yet to learn the first lessons of that Economy, which would prompt him to *huckster* his own Labour, and the Genius and Learning of his friends.

An original manuscript from Mr. HUNT, the juvenile poet of so much renown, shall be inserted with alacrity. It affords the Editor the purest pleasure to have it in his power to advance the claims of a CHILD OF GENIUS, a nephew of Sir BENJAMIN WEST, an honour to that country from which he is descended, and to that, which *protects him.*

Several interesting communications, shall occupy the Editor's earliest care.

Z. is a Jacobin and an Atheist. Let him deposite his filth in those sinks of infamy, as numerous in our land, as its common sewers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SAPPHIC IMITATION OF OTIUM DIVOS.

ADDRESS TO MY FRIEND J. D. ESQ.

Ease is the pray'r of solitary trav'ler,
Whom tipsy driver rattles in a mail-stage, (*a*)
Darksome the night, cold, supperless and sleepy,
Tavern afar off.

Ease, grumbles *Listless*, worried at tea-party;(*b*)
Ease, bellows (*c*) *King*, with *morning visit* pester'd;
Oft neither found in (*d*) *Library recess*, *Joe*,
Nor in the club room. (*e*)

Not dashing frock-coat, leathern galligaskins,
Not even strong beer, terrapins, and oysters,
Not roguish smile of pretty *Sally J*—— ——,
Cure us of *ennui*.

Give me the man, who, satisfied with little,
Drains with a friend his demi-john to th' last drop,
And with the hapless poverty-struck victim,
Shares his last guinea.

Why with ambition trouble we our noddles?
Why should we ramble over the Atlantic?
Shew me the wretch, who flying from his country,
Fled from his conscience.

Care mounts the phaeton, curricle, and tandem;
Care mounts the charger, and the pacing poney;
Swifter it flies than J——n his station,
TARLETON ADVANCING.

Happy the man, content with what's before him,
Heedless of ills, awaiting him to-morrow,
Light lays his load by Horace' golden maxim,
Nil admirari.

(*a*) The classical reader, after perusing this line, will perceive that the poet has, with the dexterity of some drivers, contrived to produce a sort of jolt, in his rapid career. The hemistich "rattles in a mail stage" may be arranged with the

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

of VIRGIL.

(*b*) At these charming assemblies, composed of motley groups of nymphs and swains, who are most fashionably indifferent to each other, one knows not which most to admire, the dress of the women, or the drowsiness of the men. The institution of these parties cannot be sufficiently admired. The lady of the house enjoys a noble opportunity of treating a number of people, at a frugal rate, an important circumstance in American economy. The misses, stimulated by chat inspiring tea, prattle divinely, and dart electric flashes from radiant eyes, the effects of which are unfortunately lost, as most of the gallants are too sleepy, from the fulness of their dinner, and the frequency of their bumpers, to attend to the glance, or even hear the voice of these *charmers*, *charming ever so wisely*.

(*c*) This is the gratuitous name of a gentleman, whom some of his friends alarm, in the midst of morning business, by the frequent rap of the noisy knocker. This circumstance at once evinces that *he* is fashionable and they have leisure. Horace, in his first satire, describes the discontent of a Roman lawyer,

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat,

but a Philadelphia attorney is willing, even at cock-crow, to be rouzed by *clients*, provided that *Loungers* will abstain from his office until *evening* grants the careless and convivial hour. Mr. D'Israeli has very truly and brilliantly said, "among the *disturbers* of literary tranquillity may by classed those *unhappy wanderers*, who *besiege* the houses of their neighbours, and like the barbarian soldier, enter the apartment of an Archimedes, and *murder* him in the *midst of his studies*,

(*d*) A studious rook, where the person alluded to, makes the nearest possible approaches to tranquillity of mind, by incessant employment among the writings of such spirits, who have augmented the strength, or heightened the graces of literature.

(*e*) An asylum for a few social spirits, who, by a sentiment or a song, contrast the labours of the day. On wreaths of purple smoke, curling from the cinnamon segar, Care scuds away; and each individual exclaims in he tone of festivity

To-night shall gay Champaign expand the soul,
With brilliant bubbles in my chrystal bowl.

Know we the wight, exempt from all temptations?
You have your own, dear Joe, and I have mine too;
Drive them away, in nipperkin of beer, or
Whiff of tobacco.

You in your study sit uninterrupted,
Round you the classics, English, Greek, and Latin.
Reading or scribbling rapidly the hours fly,
Spur'd by your fancy.

I sit immured in office, night and morning;
Tracing remainders, vested and contingent,
Feeless myself, I ruminate alas! on
Fees tail, and simple.

MERCUTIO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following Song, adapted to the popular tune of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," is written by the *author* of the allegory entitled "Pity," published in your first volume. The poetical essay on "Contentment" is from the same pen, and a note indicative of this was prefixed, when I sent it to you. As *it* was omitted in the publication of the essay, I beg you will print *this* with the song which I have the pleasure of sending you.]

THE FIVE SENSES GRATIFIED.

A SONG.

Give me thy beauties to behold,
My ravish'd sight to cheer:
Give me the music of thy voice,
To charm my raptured ear.

Yet I would ask no greater boon,
Insatiable of bliss,
O more than Jove's ambrosial feast,
Bestow me in a kiss.

Thy fragrant breath perfumes the air,
Which near thee I inhale;
Sweeter than honey are thy lips,
Or lily of the vale.

Thus by each inlet of the mind,
You fascinate the heart,
Till pleasure, too exalted, pains,
And bliss becomes a smart.

J. H.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The celebrated translator of Anacreon, Mr. Moore, one of the politest writers of the age, has recently published a volume of original poetry. His Muse is a *Muse of fire*, impassioned, ardent, and whose *blush* sometimes, is *guiltiness not modesty*. She is like the females of France airily and gracefully arrayed, but does not always walk with vestal circumspection. But the traces of genius are at once deep, delicate and strong. His invention is copious, his stile exquisitely polished, and the sweetness of his numbers, and his favourite topics remind the classic reader of the purer poems of Catullus and the Basia.]

When Infant Bliss on roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept,
And, while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "with this, with this,
I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss.

Nay more, he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
Still floated in voluptuous dreams,
And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill,
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung,
He stole the dew, that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "with this, with this,
I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss.

[Dr. JOHNSON, is principally known as a prose writer. But we think him a poet of transcendant excellence. He wrote it is true, but little, but what he attempted, he executed admirably. I know of no ode in Horace, more vigorously conceived, and more finely expressed, than the following. The wish in the second stanza, the landscape in the third, and the rules of delight in the fourth, are evincive of our assertion. The closing lines contain a description and a wish, which every poet, and every lover, in the visions of felicity, might hope to realize.]

O Phœbus, down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night,
Refresh me with a cooling breeze
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads.
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove,
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart,
Come, born to fill its vast desires,
Thy looks perpetual joy impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

With all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewel.

[The name of BURNS, is a sufficient passport for the following song.]

Blythe hae I been on yonder hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me,
Lesby is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring,
Trembling, I dow nocht but glour,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath this grass green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

EPIGRAM.

On a scholar, who was pursuing his etudies successfully, but in the midst of his literary career, married unfortunately.

A student, at his boke so plast,
That welth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to rune.

Now, who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath *undonne*.

(*Probably written by Sir. Thomas More.*)

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